

SPORTS REVIEW

NOVEMBER 1978

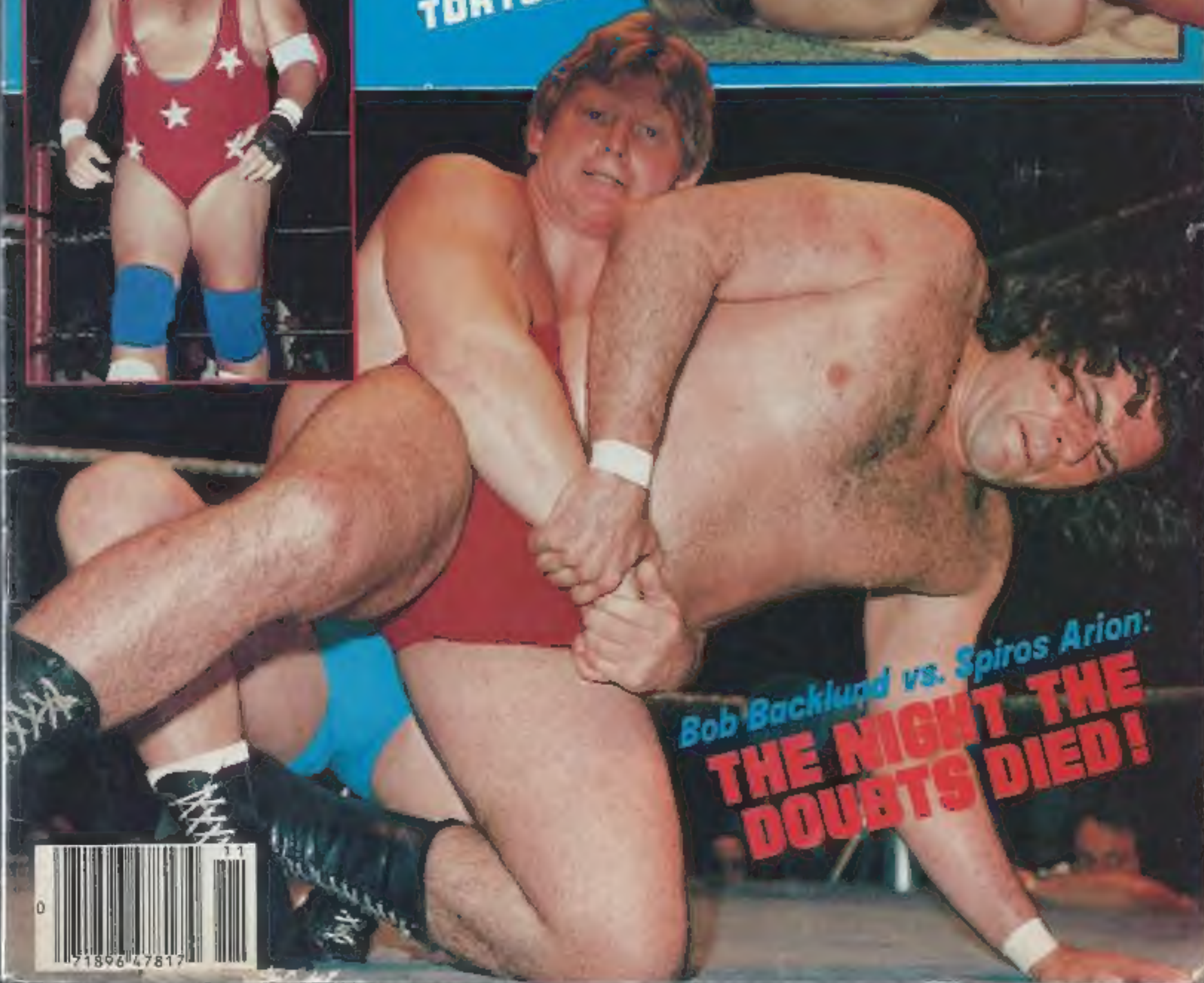
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Wrestling

**Look Very Closely At
This Picture...
CAN IT BE DUSTY RHODES?**



**APARTMENT
WRESTLING
TRIAL BY
TORTURE!**



**Bob Backlund vs. Spiros Arion:
THE NIGHT THE
DOUBTS DIED!**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—IVAN KOLOFF
- 2—GEORGE STEELE
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
- 4—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 5—SPIROS ARION
- 6—IVAN PUTSKI
- 7—LUKE GRAHAM
- 8—DINO BRAVO
- 9—STAN STASIAK
- 10—TONY GAREA

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—CRUSHER
- 3—RAY STEVENS
- 4—BILLY ROBINSON
- 5—LARRY HENNIG
- 6—BOB ORTON JR.
- 7—JIM BRUNZELL
- 8—GREG GAGNE
- 9—RUFUS R. JONES
- 10—SUPER DESTROYER II

MOST POPULAR

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 7—PAUL JONES
- 8—MR. WRESTLING II
- 9—BILLY ROBINSON
- 10—DINO BRAVO



IVAN PUTSKI



ANGELO MOSCA



VERNE GAGNE



GEORGE STEELE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—RIC FLAIR
- 3—JACK BRISCO
- 4—KEN PATERA
- 5—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 6—BRUISER
- 7—DICK MURDOCH
- 8—DICK SLATER
- 9—THE SPOILER
- 10—JIMMY SNUKA

TAG TEAMS

- 1—GREG VALENTINE & BARON VON RASCHKE
- 2—THE YUKON LUMBERJACKS
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 5—MR. SAITO & MR. SATO
- 6—RICK STEAMBOAT & PAUL JONES
- 7—STEVEN KEIRN & MIKE GRAHAM
- 8—SUPERSTAR & LUKE GRAHAM
- 9—RAY STEVENS & PAT PATTERSON
- 10—HECTOR AND CHAVO GUERRERO

MOST HATED

- 1—RIC FLAIR
- 2—KEN PATERA
- 3—GEORGE STEELE
- 4—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 5—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 6—SPIROS ARION
- 7—GREG VALENTINE
- 8—THE SPOILER
- 9—KILLER KARL KOX
- 10—THE SHEIK

THE TATTLER

CORRESPONDENTS

Larry Cohen

Chicago, Ill.

Warren Knowles

Seattle, Wash.

Allison Corey

New York, N.Y.

Andre Camus

Montreal, Canada

Buddy Ford

St. Louis, Mo.

Masanori Murikami

Tokyo, Japan

Andy Rankowski

Portland, Ore.

Myron Roth

Miami, Fla.

Clifford Douglas

Denver, Colo.

Kevin McCloud

Boston, Mass.

Leroy Jackson

Detroit, Mich.

Danny Torres

Los Angeles, Ca.

B.W. Foreman

Atlanta, Ga.

Paul Dreiser

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carl Salinger

Richmond, Va.

Geoffrey York

Toronto, Canada

Charles F. Amberson

St. Paul, Minn.

Cedric Coleridge

Sydney, Australia

George Hawkins

Bangor, Me.

Ed Remington

Indianapolis, Ind.

Diane Goh

Honolulu, Hi.

James Washington

Houston, Tex.

John West

Baltimore, Md.

Ellen Larsen

Charlotte, N.C.

Butch Gallagher

San Francisco, Ca.

Virginia W. Sloan

Amarillo, Tex.

Randy Swift

Memphis, Tenn.

Barry Simon

Tampa, Fla.



YUKON LUMBERJACKS

BOSTON, MASS.—Wrestling fans in Beantown were witnesses to the first New England title defense of the newly-crowned WWF tag team champions, The Lumberjacks. This team is big, strong, ruthless, and very very talented. Under the tutelage of Captain Lou Albano they streaked to the top in record time. It looks as if they will stay champions for quite some time.

On this night, The Lumberjacks proved just too strong for their opponents, Larry Zbyszko and Haystacks Calhoun. Larry and Haystacks were undefeated in

(Continued on page 46)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views month, we'll ask a controversial question answer—no matter what those answers might be!

and opinions. Each and have the fans

THE QUESTION:

"Should ex-WWF champion Bruno Sammartino come out of retirement and challenge for the federation title?"

THE ANSWERS:

Carol Kempf, Hicksville, New York:
"I certainly think he should. Wrestling cries out for a man like Sammartino to bring back some of the decency and respect the sport



lacks. How can anyone look up to Bob Backlund? He looks like one of these little kewpie dolls you win at a carnival."

Tony Newley, Sarasota, Florida:
"I only saw Bruno wrestle once, and the rest of the time I've followed his career in your magazine. I was always impressed by his skills. He is formidable, but I'm not sure if he could take on the
(Continued on page 50)





EVERY SO OFTEN, a truly deserving wrestler, a man who has proven himself night after night, year after year, inexplicably fails to gain the attention and fame his talent deserves.

One such man is the reigning Georgia heavyweight champion, Angelo "King Kong" Mosca. Now, there may be some quarrels from the segments of the wrestling community who find Mosca's rulebreaker tactics questionable and objectionable, but no one can deny the man's great talent.

Our purpose in awarding "Wrestler of the Month" is not

At the Georgia Championship Wrestling television studio, state champion Angelo Mosca viciously stomps his helpless opponent. Mosca may be mean and brutal, but still he deserves much credit.

to bestow plaudits upon only the scientific wrestlers. When a rulebreaker has consistently shown himself to be a formidable grappler, he deserves the award. And the editors feel that Mosca is long overdue.

Three of Mosca's most recent title challenges have come from Stan Hansen, Dick Slater, and Mr. Wrestling II. Each time, Mosca displayed that cunning ruthlessness which has earned him the reluctant respect of

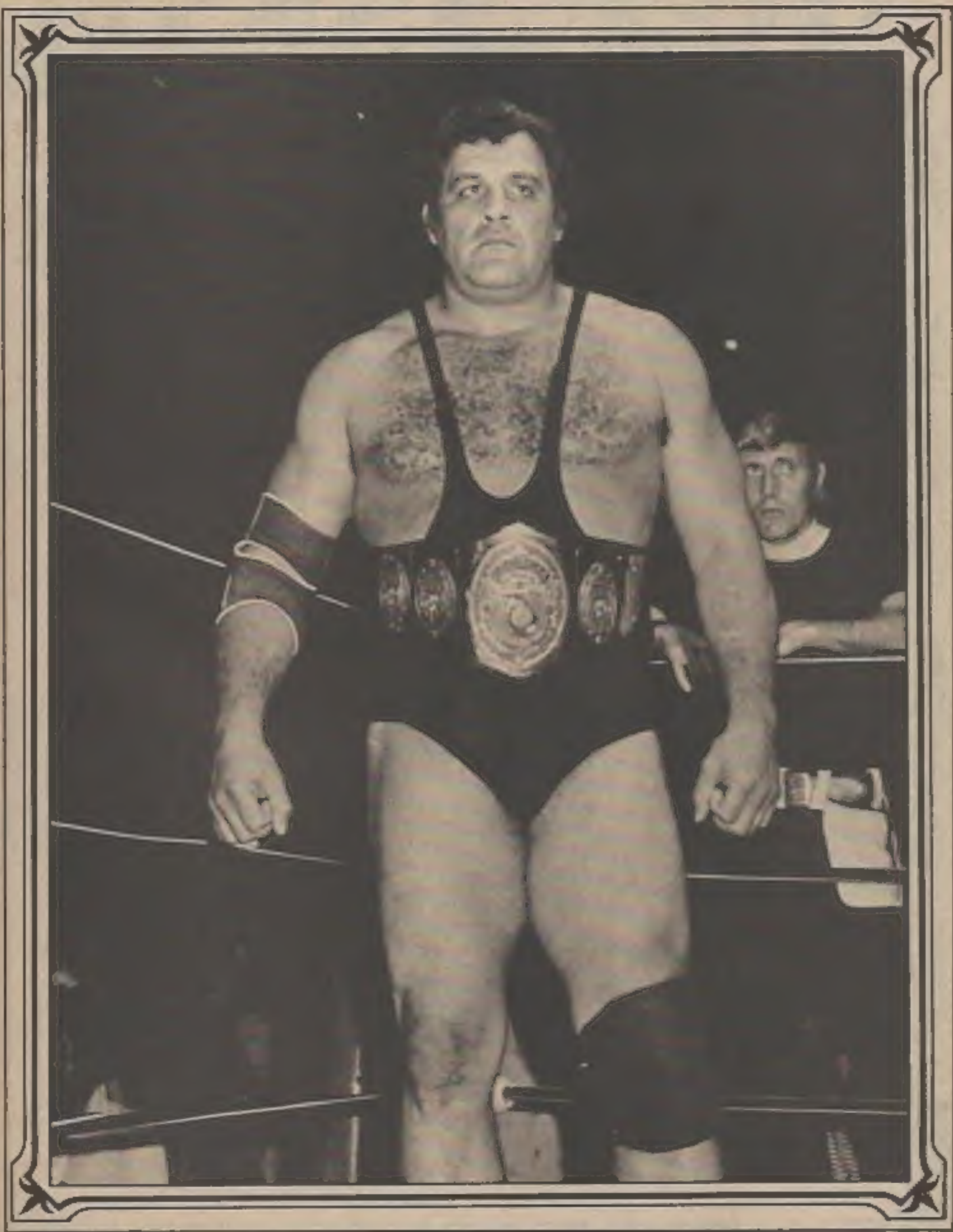
opponents.

In each of those matches, Mosca retained his belt by utilizing one of wrestling's most devastating moves, his flying elbowsmash.

When implemented properly, the flying elbowsmash is a magnificent blend of grace and savagery. Often a wrestler will attempt it and manage only a laughable parody. Not Mosca. His upward leap, then thunderous descent, elbow

(Continued on page 52)

Every month, the editors of **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING** search the globe to find the one man whose achievements have surpassed those of all other wrestlers. Sometimes the selection may shock you. Other times you will be very pleased by the selection. But you will always agree our choice deserves to be "Wrestler of the Month!"



TOP WRESTLING YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING**, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N. Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is:

"What do wrestlers do to celebrate an important victory?"

Submitted by:
John Stevens;
Mt. Vernon, Maine



PAUL JONES

"After winning an important match, I usually like to take some time out for deep inner meditation. I like to analyze what went right and what went wrong. Hopefully, this makes me a better wrestler in future matches."



BRUNO SAMMARTINO

"If I have just been victorious in a very rough match, I get down and thank the Good Lord for seeing me through. He has been very good to me over the years, and I feel I have to thank him for all he's done."



PEDRO MORALES

"I like to celebrate my important victories with a group of fans who have seen what I have just done. It is important to me to be surrounded by my fans. I only wish I could celebrate with all of them!"



ERNIE LADD

"After a successful match, I like to celebrate by going out on the town and having a good time. This is a throwback to my football days, when the entire team would go out carousing after winning a game."

WRESTLERS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



**BLACKJACK
LANZA**

"I have no set thing I do after an important victory. After all, not all victories mean the same thing to me. Sometimes I'll go in for wild partying, and sometimes I'll hardly even acknowledge I have just wrestled."



ROCKY JOHNSON

"I usually celebrate important victories with a close group of friends. Our activities can range anywhere from going to a party to holding deep, profound, intellectual discussions. It's all relative."



STAN HANSEN

"If I've just won an important match, I will get together with my friends and have a party. Usually the champagne will be flowing, and we will all be in really good spirits. That's the only way to celebrate!"



NICK BOCKWINKLE

"To me, there is no real difference between any of my matches. Since I win all the time, a victory is nothing special. Right after I finish wrestling, I usually go home and relax."



GREG VALENTINE

"I build up a great deal of energy during matches, and I have to find some outlet to release it. These outlets can take many forms. There is no one set thing I do. I just need to work off the energy."



MIKE GRAHAM

"After an important victory, I usually go home and discuss what happened with my father. He will point out what I did right, and he will show me how I could improve. These sessions are very helpful." □



Look Very Closely At This Picture...

SOME WRESTLERS ARE content with simply shooting off their mouths with indignation. They whine and demand that certain rulebreakers wrestle them. When that fails, they turn their plaintive, outstretched arms toward the fans, seeking to elicit enough protests to force their hated opponent into a match.

There is that class—and then there is Dusty Rhodes. It's not like Dusty to whine about some horrible injustice. When someone refuses to wrestle him, he picks up his phone, dials the sleepy town of Uvalde, Texas, [pop. 8,637] and asks the operator if'n he could please speak to his good buddy, Uvalde Slim.

The conversation might go something like this:

"Slim, my main man, this is Dusty."

"Dusty, how you doin'?"

"Good, listen, I got a problem."

"Another guy afraid to wrestle you?"

"Sure enough. Same deal as always, Greyhound bus ticket, six-pack of beer and a ticket to Disney World sound fine?"

"Absolutely, ol' buddy."

You see, this imaginary recreation is what Dusty Rhodes does when someone like, say, Spoiler I or Spoiler II, beg off on a match. They will refuse to wrestle Dusty. Being a charitable sort and not wanting to disappoint the fans, Uvalde Slim will show up, in his glistening mask. And then, the scene will go something like this.

"Who's that?" Spoiler asks, peering at Uvalde.

many of Dusty's characteristics. As Uvalde puts it, that's because he thinks there's no one greater than Rhodes. Excepting himself, that is.

"I've learned all I know about wrestling from Dusty Rhodes, the American Dream," Uvalde explained. "He's been my idol ever since he started wrestling. I find it a great honor to stand in for him and take on these cowards."

The fans hoot and holler and



CAN IT BE DUSTY RHODES?

"It's Uvalde Slim," the referee will reply diffidently.

"Who?"

"Uvalde Slim."

"Who?"

"Uvalde Slim! You won't wrestle Rhodes, so you get his friend."

Spoiler approaches Uvalde, sniffs puzzledly, then steps back and roars, "You sure that ain't Dusty Rhodes?"

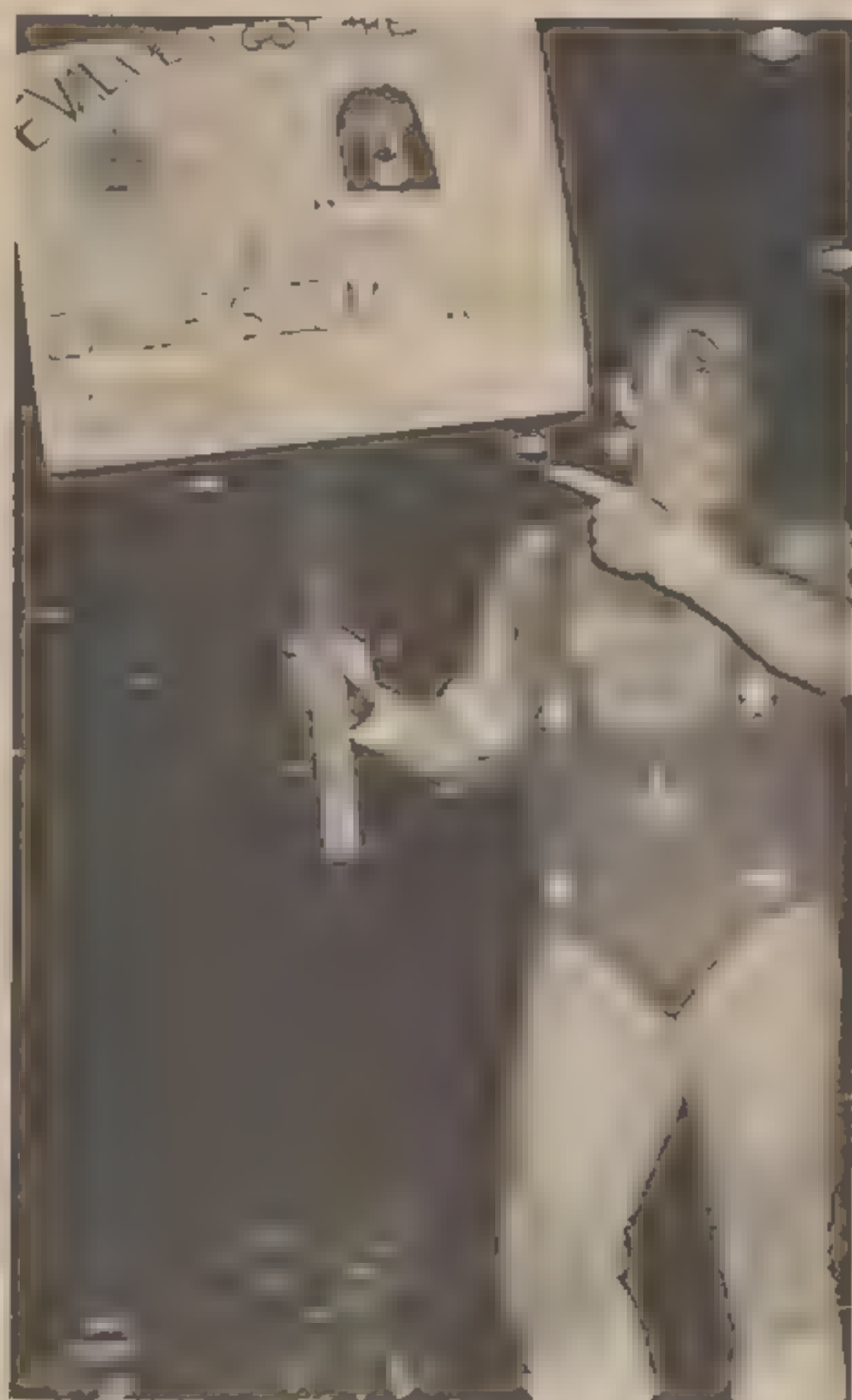
"That is Uvalde Slim, understand? Now let's wrestle."

Since Uvalde and Dusty are such good friends, going back to their boyhood days when they'd hunt quail, cruise up and down Main Street in their souped-up Chevies and have a few beers or twelve, Uvalde has taken on



Uvalde Slim punishes Spoiler (top of page). He teams up with his friend Jerry Brisco (above). Why does this masked man look so familiar? Dusty says, "He has a lot of my characteristics, that's why!"

Who was that masked man? There was something familiar about him. He called himself Uvalde Slim. But look very closely. Doesn't he resemble another, more famous grappler?



whoop it up when Uvalde enters the ring. He prances and pontificates and postures and threatens and flexes his muscles and, sho' nuff, even has the bionic elbow of his idol.

'Now I'm not sayin' that I can match the American Dream though when we've wrestled just kinda foolin' around, I do give him somethin' of a tussle.'

"Ah, that dude's got a big

ego," Dusty said laughingly when questioned later. "Now Uvalde knows that I'm the greatest thing happening, but I'll give him credit, he does know how to wrestle something fierce. Well, what do you expect, I taught him everything he knows. And then some."

Uvalde demonstrated a tenacious ferocity against Spoiler, pummeling the evil

figure with repeated thrusts of his rigid, spread fingers. He pranced and soaked in the crowd adulation and, when it was over, talked about these brief moments in the limelight.

'Now I don't think any talk about becoming a tag team partner with Dusty is good, but we've discussed it from time to time, mainly over a few pitchers a



A fan made this sign for Uvalde (left) due to Uvalde's war against the Spoilers. Dusty wrestles Ivan Koloff (above). If Koloff refused to wrestle Dusty, he might have to take on Uvalde Slim instead of 'The Dream.'

beer, and we think that the time is comin' for somethin' like that.

'Hey, think what we'd do to those rulebreakers if the two of us ever teamed up. Uvalde Slim and Dusty Rhodes in one ring. You really think anyone could handle us? Not a chance, man. Not when you got the two best wrestlers in the world.'

So why haven't we ever seen them together? □



PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

Mr. Wrestling II goes berserk and chokes the breath out of Abdullah the Butcher

THE FINGERS CURLED in maniacal rage around the man's throat. A berserk roar fled between the quivering lips, the face purpled with anger. On the ropes, the fingers continued to choke, choke, choke, until the victim's eye bulged and his tongue extended and his knees buckled and he slowly sank to the canvas.

The referee leaped between them, ripping the aggressor's hands from around the suffocating man's windpipe. He shoved him aside and decided on a disqualification.

This aggressor was still insane. He tottered backwards, eyes still suffused with rage, until slowly, his composure returned. Now his eyes were no longer alive with fury, but instead glazed with shame.

For this man was not a rulebreaker given to fits of madness. This man, this man who was disqualified, was none other than Mr. Wrestling II. And this is his story of shame.

"I can't believe what I did," he muttered disconsolately in his

"WHY I WANTED TO RETIRE AFTER WRESTLING ABDULLAH!"

When the match was over, Mr. Wrestling II saw something horrible about himself and the sport he loves. The disgrace seemed too great to bear. Only one voice could prevent him from leaving wrestling forever.



The action takes place outside the ropes (above) as Mr. Wrestling II punches Abdullah senseless. It was fans like the group surrounding the masked man (below) who convinced him not to quit wrestling forever because of his match against the ruthless Abdullah.

dressing room. "I've never done that before. I, I don't know what came over me." He covered his mask in his trembling hands.

"I've disgraced myself and all my fans. That's it. I can't go on like this," he said chokingly. "I can't wrestle again, not after what I did tonight," his voice shook with tearful shame. "I can't do this anymore. no, no."

Mr. Wrestling II had just finished a match with Abdullah the Butcher. Granted, an evening with Abdullah isn't exactly like making a guest appearance on the Dinah Shore Show. Abdullah is capable of propelling the sanest of men into a fitful rage. He accomplished this purpose tonight. First, by introducing foreign objects. Then by repeatedly kneeing Mr. Wrestling II in the groin. And by ripping on the masked man's eyes. Biting his neck. Tearing at his chest hair. One vicious attack after another.

It was certainly sufficient provocation. No one could fault Mr. Wrestling II for unleashing an offensive. But this decent



Right: The amazed Abdullah can't believe the ferocity of the masked man. Below left: Abdullah brandishes a weapon to chop at II's Adam's apple. Below right: The madman chokes the life out of Mr. Wrestling II

man has a high set of morals. Violating them is utterly repugnant to him. That was why he decided to retire.

"I couldn't live with myself for the way I shamed my fans," he said quietly, his voice still shaking. "I let everyone down, showed myself to be no better than Abdullah. How can I continue to claim myself as an example of decency after tonight's debacle? No, I have to retire."

It was two hours after word of Mr. Wrestling II's decision had filtered out into the arena. He still sat in the same pose of shattered disgrace on the stool, still hadn't showered, a shattered statue of shame. There was a loud rap on the door.

"Go away," he cried out.

Again, the knock.

"Get away, leave me alone."

A slip of paper slid under the door. He stared at it, sighed and picked it up.

"Don't retire," the note read. "We're still proud of you." The note was printed neatly, signed by over one thousand names. Mr. Wrestling II's face creased in a puzzled frown. He opened the door and saw the hallway clogged with fans.

"We heard, don't retire. Please don't . . . We still love you."

"Don't give it up, we understand . . ." the shouts cascaded over Mr. Wrestling II's rigid frame. He simply stood in the doorway, unable to speak.

The police tried to maintain order, tried to keep the crowd back. The fans were polite, though vehement.

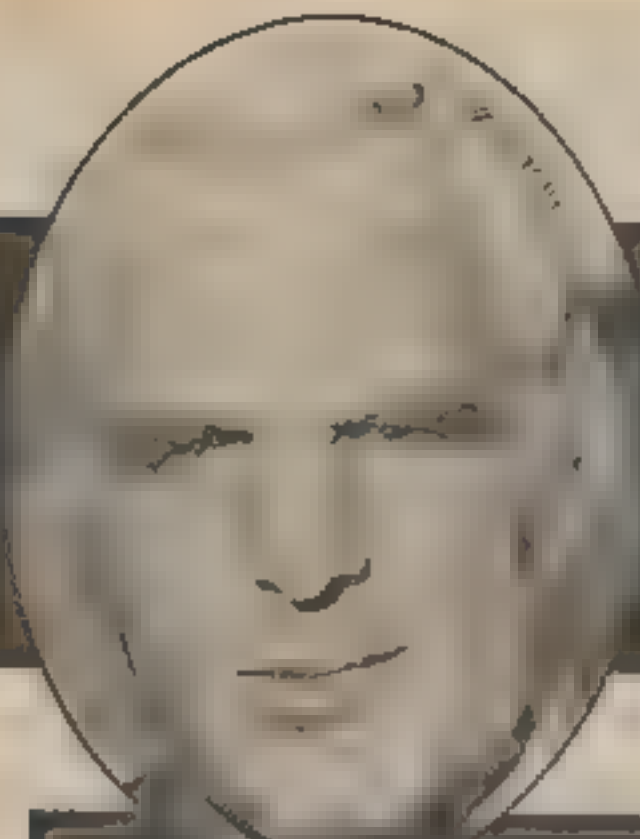


"Don't retire," a young boy squealed. Mr. Wrestling II approached the child and took his hand.

"You're really not ashamed of me, even after the way I acted?" he asked disbelievingly.

"No, no, you're the greatest," the child shouted.

Mr. Wrestling II smiled and patted the child's head. He whirled and returned to his dressing room, a smile of pure joy visible behind the mask. □



Why Eddie "STEVE KEIRN



Eddie Graham (oval above) is quite concerned about his son's career. Mike holds Jim Valiant (above) while partner Steve Keirn bites him on the forehead after Valiant savaged him.

THE FIERY CONCERN gashes from two different wells deep within Eddie Graham's soul. As a former outstanding professional wrestler, he cringes at the prospect of his son Mike spiraling back down the championship ladder.

And, of course, as a father, the paternal love and respect for his offspring. He doesn't want to see Mike hurt. That is why he exploded with such a thunderous declaration.

"Steve Keirn will destroy my son," Eddie said heatedly.

That should not be interpreted as icy reproach toward Steve Keirn. Eddie and Steve have a warm relationship. It is just that Eddie Graham has seen that friendship reach what he, and many others feel, is a dead end replete with tragic overtones. He feels that for the friendship to dictate their futures is foolish and he wants to do something about it.

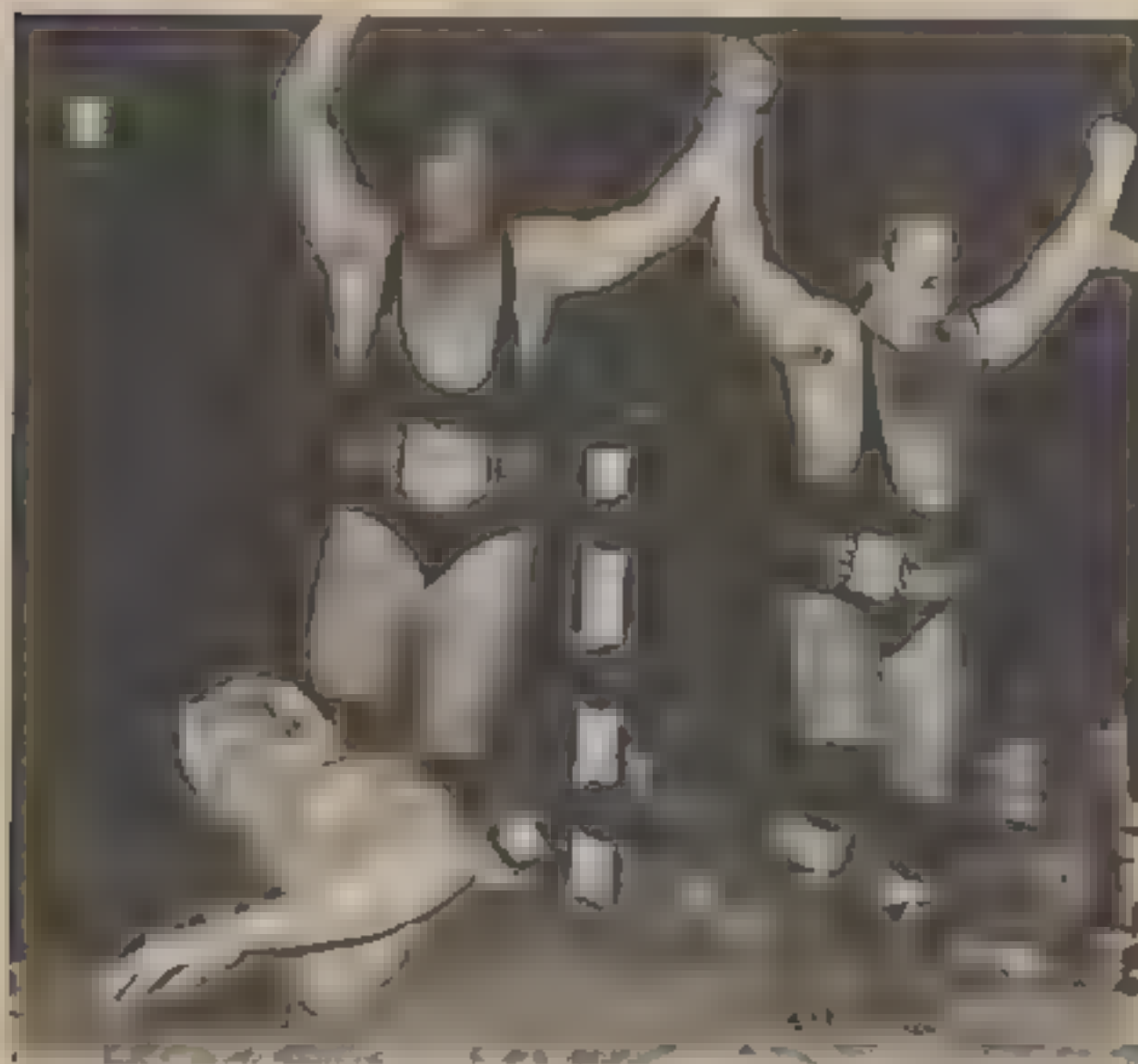
"Steve is like another son," Eddie said. "And I treat him that way. But it isn't working out. They lost the title. They were champs and they lost it. To try and recapture it will prove nothing. I hope they're mature enough to realize this."

Recently Keirn and Graham saw their U.S. tag team belts slip into the slimy paws of Mr. Sato and Mr. Sato.

It was a devastating blow to

Graham Warns: WILL DESTROY MY SON

Like a family torn by fate, the friendship of Steve Keirn and Mike Graham may be spelling disaster. Eddie Graham is trying to save his son from an enemy he loves like a son. This is the saddest, most shocking wrestling story of the decade



Mike Graham and Steve Keirn win the United States tag team title from the Valiant Brothers in January 1978. Eddie was ecstatic then, but now feels the boys must split up for their own good.

them, a loss which only amplified the deep confusion they have about their respective careers.

"I know how close they (Mike and Steve) are, but they're only

hurting each other. I've been speaking to Mike a lot lately, and he's really upset and confused."

Eddie said. "The kid doesn't know what he wants to do. I think he's

stunned by the loss. Maybe it's shaken his confidence.

"But I do know that Steve encouraging him to return to the tag team wars is stupid. They should break up, at least for a while, and wrestle individually. I think Mike can become champion. He's that good."

Eddie's words must be taken for more than kindly fatherly advice. Graham is especially intuitive on wrestling matters, a fact both Mike and Steve acknowledge with uneasiness.

"I'm not ready to just dissolve the friendship and break up what is wrestling's best tag team," Mike said emphatically. "We lost. Okay. It's not the end of the world. We still have things to prove as champions. One of those things is to prove that our loss was a fluke. Sato and Sato as champions is grating to us."

"I fully respect and love Eddie Graham, but for him to say that I'll destroy Mike is, well, wrong," Steve substituted the milder word. "I'll never do anything to hurt Mike, and Eddie damn well knows it," he said, his anger hurt breaking through. "If either of us thought the partnership



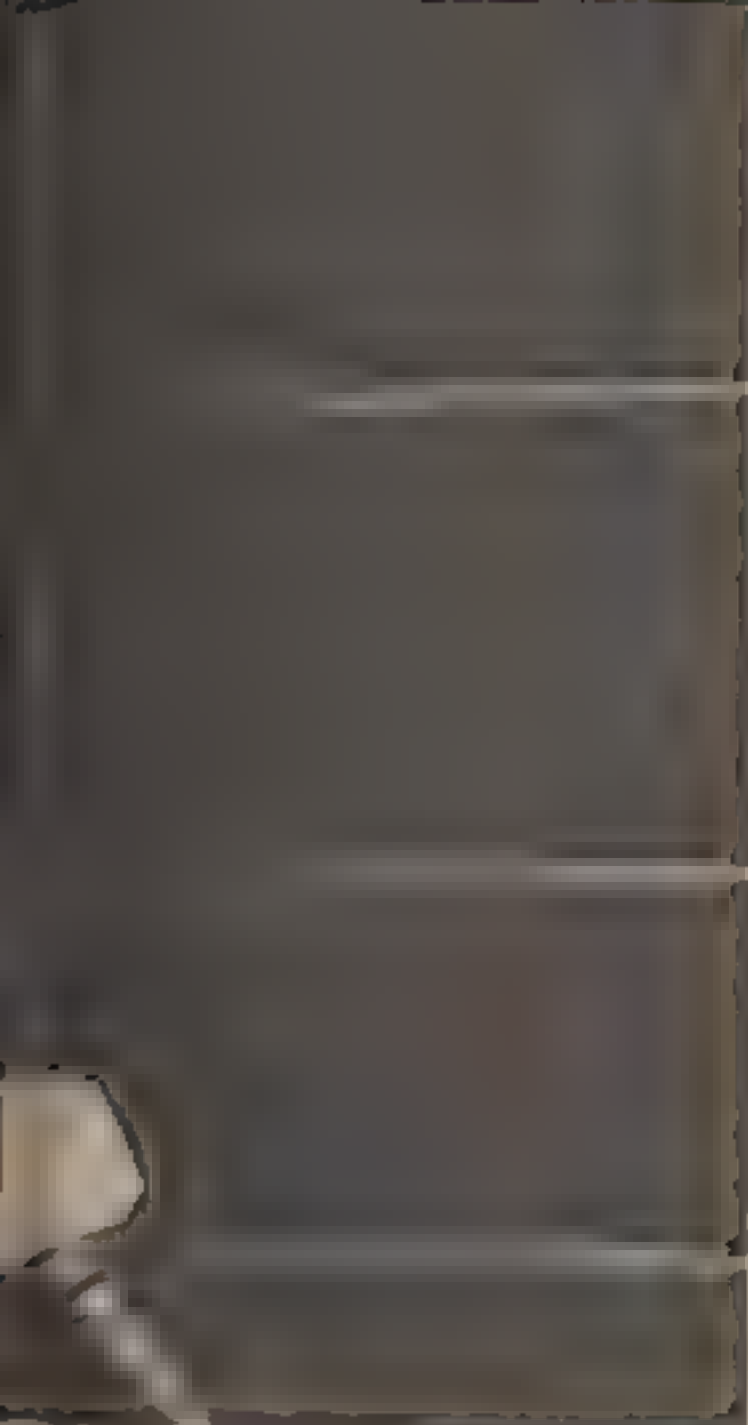
Kern has Bobby Duncum in a headlock (above) just moments after Mike tagged him to enter the ring. Mike's uses an armdrag takedown combination (right) to send Spoiler crashing to the canvas

was ruining our careers or if either of us ever wanted to wrestle individually, then he can go with the other's blessing. But that's not the case."

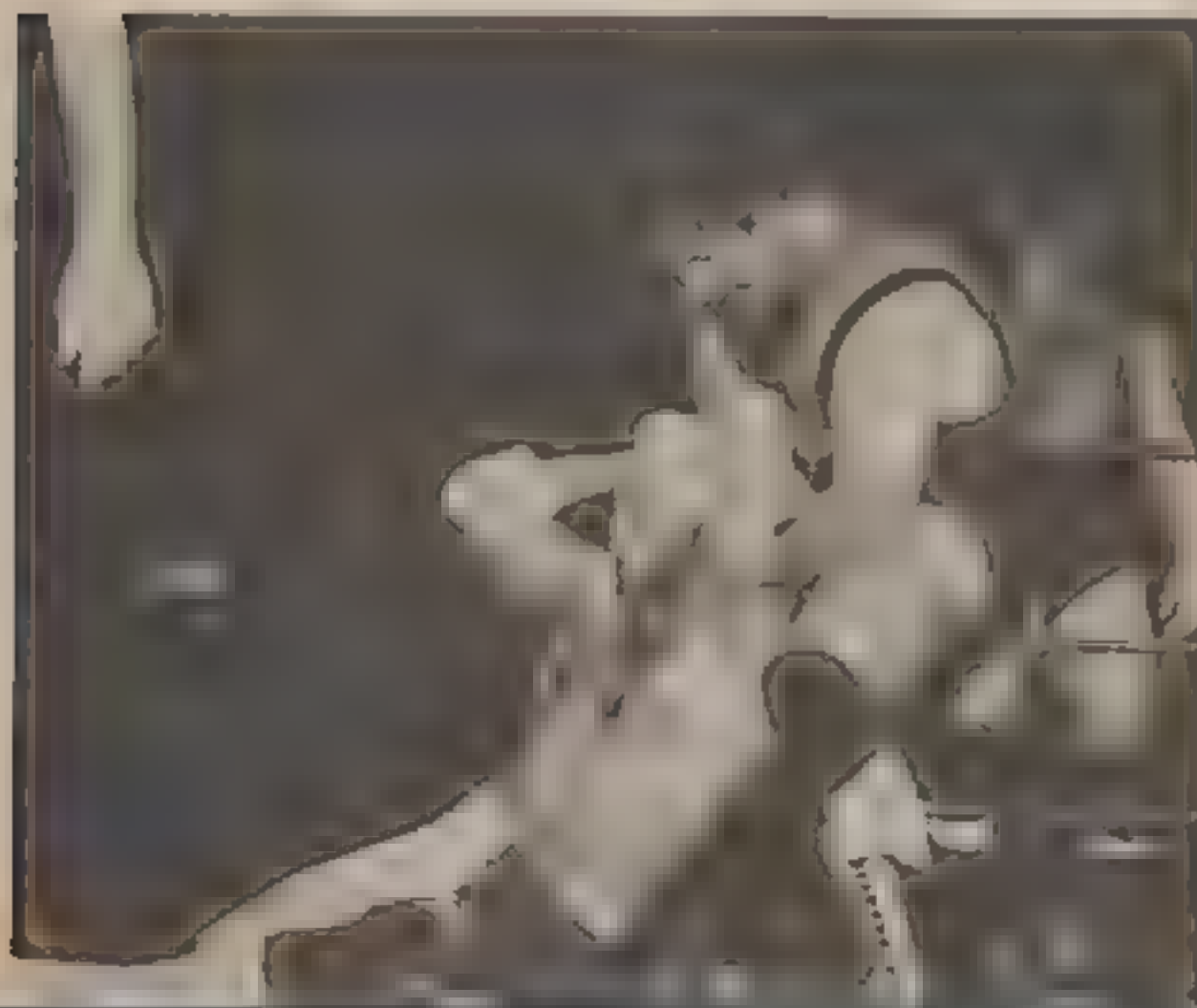
The thought of an individual title is particularly alluring to the two talented young men. But equally compelling is the bond of brotherhood they have forged over the years.

"Yeah, I think what it'd be like to wrestle Race or one of those guys," Mike said. "I think I'd hold my own, hell, maybe I'd whip them with the proper training. But I know that to decide to go out on my own wouldn't be a temporary measure."





Mike locks Spoiler up (right). Keirn watches intently (below) as Mike takes the arm of Jim Valiant and puts pressure into an already painful armlock



"Once you break up a team, it's awful hard to get it back together. That's being realistic."

Still, the vision of a single champion is a persuasive object to them. Despite their disclaimers, both men want that individual title. The weighing of a friendship and individual glory is what restrains them.

"They can still be friends like they are now and wrestle as individuals," Eddie said. "Mike can whip any of the federation champs. I'll help him out. I know he wants to do it. He just doesn't want to hurt Steve. But he has to grow up and face the facts. It's his career. All I can do is advise him. After that . . ." Eddie shrugged. □

"RIC FLAIR BY SA



THE EVIL OF Ric Flair is so absolute, so horrifying that simple descriptions of his madness are rapidly becoming inadequate. No longer is it good enough to call him a pimple on the brow of humanity, a festering sore dropping viscous gobs of poisonous pus.

Now a new category has been formed for Ric Flair. No, not really new. The category has been as old as civilization, as haunting as



MUST BE MANAGED SATAN HIMSELF!"

a dark, moonless evening, groans outside the window terrible cries of torment knifing through a placid countryside

Put Flair into the realm of Satan, an assertion made with all sincerity by reams of wrestlers

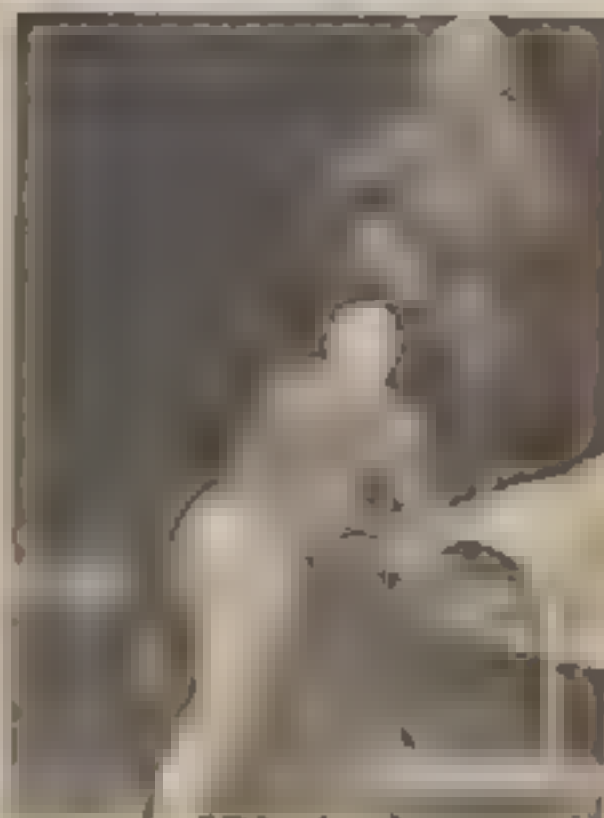
"Ric Flair must be managed by Satan himself," Tim "Mr. Wrestling" Woods declared feverishly. "I'm not just saying this, because there is something

deeply evil and black about that, that, ah, I don't know what the hell he is, but he's not a member of civilization

"The things he does, the things he thinks of, they're not what you expect from a normal creature. I think he's made a pact with the devil

"Hey, listen, I'm not kidding. Woods gestured emphatically. "I really think this, and so do a lot of other people."

Oval, opposite page. Flair looks like Satan himself! Left: Mr. Wrestling has a good grip on Ric. Right: Flair's viciousness at its worst. Below: A flying elbowsmash spells danger for Mr. Wrestling



There is something about Ric Flair's cruelty that is not quite human, as if some sinister force is behind his merciless brutality. Could he be possessed by the devil? Or is he simply the human spirit at its worst?

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Peak act on shot—caught in mid-air, Flair tried to jump a downed Mr. Wrestling but the masked man rose to his feet quickly and caught the evil Flair with a punch just as he left his perch.

For a man like Tim Woods to make a statement like this points to a deeper concern among the scientific wrestling community. It extends across all geographic areas.

"I think that Flair has committed some immoral acts which go against everything we hold to be normal," said Blackjack Mulligan.

"Look at it this way. You can excuse someone like a Luke Graham or a George Steele because they have their wires fused together. You can even understand, on some level, when a man is out for cold blooded murder, like a Greg Valentine.

But Flair is just damn evil. He's not crazy. He's just got a cesspool in his gut and I really think he's into something awful, something really bad and mean and evil. I don't know if you can whip him."

Words from people bewildered by Flair? Words from people who have allowed hatred to ruin their concepts of decency?

No.

"I've wrestled hoodlums before, but none like Flair," Mulligan continued. "When you go against him in the ring, he gets this totally sadistic grin on his face. It's really bizarre, the way he just looks at you with that grin and you know he wants to tear your heart out and use it for some purpose or something. There's just that damnable grin."

The grin. The Ric Flair smile. It begins at the corners of his mouth, pulling the upper lip in a fearful baring of teeth. The lower lip remains rigid, though the upper lip curls back ominously, revealing a row of shiny white teeth, sharpened. Or maybe just glinting off the lights.

"You expect me to answer that dumb-ass question?" Flair said, without indignation, simply



Mr. Wrestling smashes Flair with a legal forearm smash above, knocking Ric down. Flair is about to ram the masked man's head into the turnbuckle below left. A very low kick is caught by Mr. Wrestling (below right) during the final moments of the battle.



smiling. "Satan manages me? Well, he got himself the best, then. What do you expect, that I'm gonna answer some piece of crap like Tim Woods?"

"He can say whatever he wants, the dumb SOB. I don't care. He and that traitor Murph can make all the hot air statements they want, but the fact remains that I keep



whipping their empty heads for them. No matter how I do it, I do it so being in league with Satan is just a lot of crap.

But answer the question, Ric. Is there any validity in what Woods said?

Flair laughed softly, almost a guttural moan which forced its way between the frozen smile and icy eyes.

"If it was true, you think I'm gonna admit it?" he chuckled thinly. "I don't listen to what asses like them say. I don't listen to what asses like you magazine writers print."

"I do whatever I want and I do it fine, baby."

What is most troubling is how to gauge whether Flair is being his usual, press-baiting, mischievous self, or whether he's actually concealing something. That malicious face furnishes no revealing clues, it just maintains its mocking look.

But Woods is insistent. He will not be swayed from his beliefs.

"Flair must be managed by the devil," he said, his voice strident and quivering. "That's the only explanation for the way he acts. And if wrestling is to remain a part of society, someone like Ric Flair has to be driven out."

Exorcised?

"Exactly," Woods said harshly. □

The meteoric rise of Bob Backlund to WWWF champion left a lot of questions unanswered. Not yet tempered by the fire of battle, could the young champ stand the grueling schedule, the brutal opponents? The answers came in a titanic struggle against notorious Spiros Arion

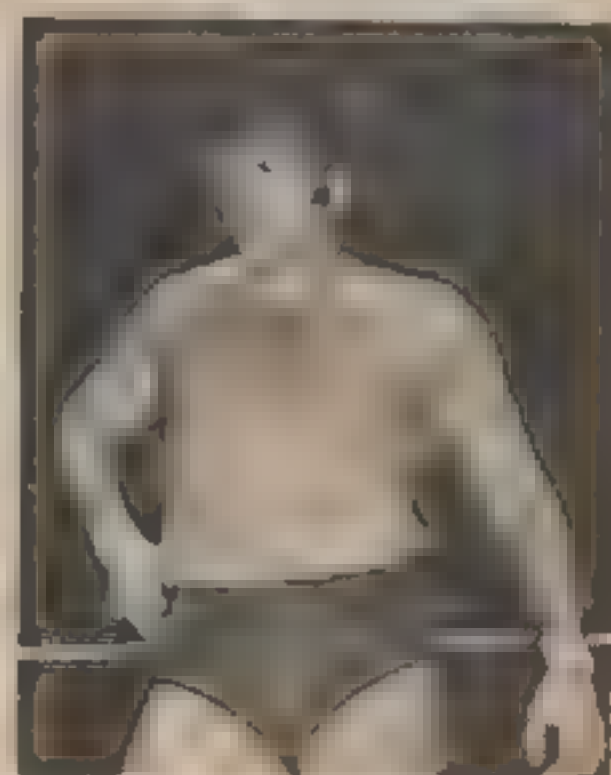
**Bob
Backlund**

VS.

**Spiros
Arion**



**THE
NIGHT
THE**



DOUBTS DIED!

PERHAPS WHEN Bob Backlund won the WWWF title from Superstar Graham, he thought the strain of convincing people he was championship material had disappeared. It was a serious miscalculation.

Doubts persisted. Critics voiced vehement questions about Backlund, insisting that the first time he shed rivers of blood, he would become a different man, frightened, and this would prevent his championship reign from attaining any appreciable length.

Backlund bled, and bled badly. Yet he survived and came out of

the bout with a greater confidence and courage. Another doubt had been killed.

Yet it wasn't long before new doubts arose. Sure, Backlund won the belt. Sure, Backlund survived the first gory victory of his career. But what about wrestling in a steel cage match. Now that would conclusively demonstrate the substance of his soul.

Thus Backlund, totally ignoring the cautious words of his advisors, signed to wrestle Superstar Graham in a steel cage match at Madison Square Garden. His preparation for this bout bordered

on fanatic dedication. He was determined to win.

And he did.

But there were still those who questioned Backlund's abilities. They seem unimpressed with his maneuvers, maintained he was a mediocrity, able to retain the title only because of the quality of opponents. Why not wrestle Mr. Mascaras? What about Dusty Rhodes? What about Spiros Arion?

Money precluded a match with Mascaras. Promoter's hesitancy prevented the title shot with Rhodes. Nothing intruded on a

Bobby uses a new maneuver to help take
him to victory against the hated Greek
wrestler, Spiros Arion.

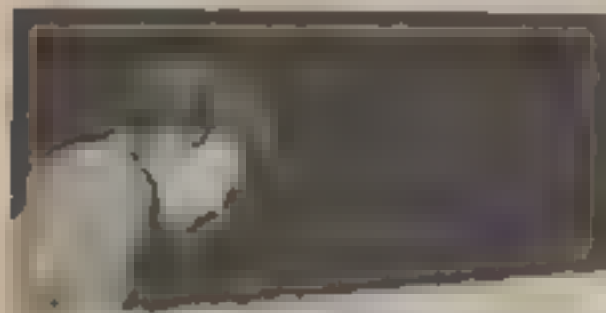


Backlund-Arion match. Nothing

At last, the opportunity for Backlund to destroy the doubts. The vicious and talented Spiros Arion would furnish worthy opposition. Honed on the cruel, ruthless philosophy of Fred Blassie, Arion seemed the hardest test.

"I'll whip that Backlund Boy and give those freckles back to his mother," snarled Arion. "Champion? That Howdy-Doodv? What a load. Wait until I take his body and twist it into a piece of feta cheese."

And now for some more normal comments.



"All the pencil-necked geeks of the world are finally going to learn about the cowardice and incompetence of the premier pencil-necked geek of the world and the universe and the galaxy and everything else, the geek that goes by the name of Bob 'Bimbo' Backlund," Blassie bellowed in his characteristic style.

Such threats are expected from lice like Blassie and Arion. Their pre-match comments must be taken with many grains of salt. However, one astute wrestling observer was able to encapsulate the match in one terse sentence.



Left: Arion finds it hard escaping from Bob's leg holds. Above: Backlund twists Arion's foot as he keeps charge of the match. This match proved the greatness of young Backlund.

"This is the most important match of Backlund's career."

So this was the stage upon which Backlund walked that night. Amid the frenzied exhortation of his fans, the frowns of suspicion from the wrestling observers, he prepared to deal with Spiros Arion.

But more importantly, with the doubters.

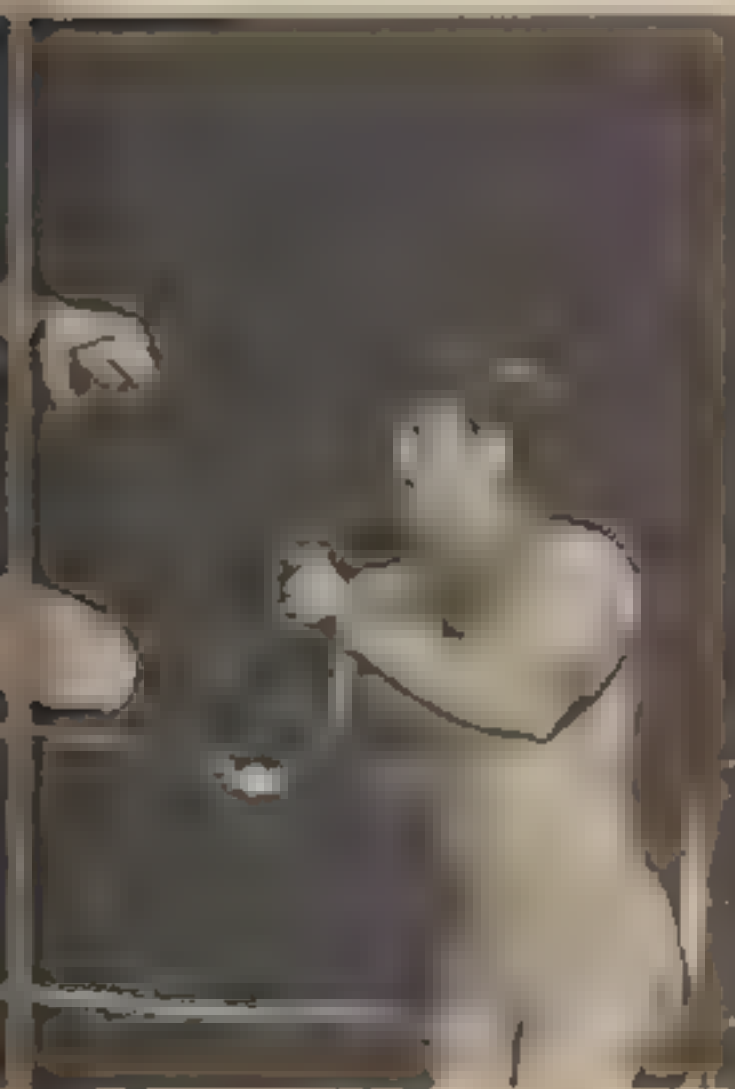
"I'm getting tired of all the whispers," Backlund said huffily. "I've been champion for quite a while now. It wasn't my fault that money stopped the Mascaras match. I wanted to wrestle Dusty, and we couldn't get the promoters to do it. So I'm taking on Arion. What the heck do people want from me?"

What they wanted they received.





Below: When Arion tried to kick Bobby in the groin, Bobby's quirk reflexes took over. He grabbed Arion's leg and knocked him off balance and then did some kicking of his own. Right: The champion tries to wrap things up by using his atomic spinebreaker.



Backlund displayed an intense, restrained ferocity that was absolutely chilling. He completely overwhelmed Arion, unveiling numerous crunching moves, bouncing Arion from rope to rope, utterly humiliating Spiros.

Of course, that is an objective analysis, one which Arion and Blassie take issue with.

"I had the upper hand," Arion insisted. "He didn't beat me. That's a lot of crap!"

"My boy Spiros is the WWWF champion and I don't want to hear no unwashed laundry about it," snorted Blassie, his invariably reddened features taking on a purplish hue.

"I want to tell the whole wrestling world, all the morons and retards and pencil-necked geeks about the treachery of Backlund."

roared Blassie.

"This was to be two out of three falls but he backed out at the last minute and insisted it was one fall when everyone going into the ring knew it was two out of three falls!"

"If I had been there I would have, personally, jumped in and battered Howdy-Doody into the canvas. But they wouldn't let me." Blassie said.

The atmosphere in Backlund's dressing room was one of relief, a warm comforting sensation which draped the handsome champion in a shawl of delight.

"Finally," Backlund said quietly. "Now I think everyone realizes



how good I am and will stop questioning me and saying that I don't deserve the belt."

"It was beginning to take its toll on me. I was also having doubts, wondering what I had to do to convince people."

"I know the fans never wondered. They've seen me in action and know that I fear no one, that I'm willing to take on every challenger."

"But it'll be nice to go to sleep knowing the ghosts have finally died." Backlund shook his head. "Finally, man, finally, I'm accepted." □

WHY JACK BRISCO MUST BE THE BEST OF THE FORMER CHAMPIONS

In one of the most astonishing crusades in wrestling history, Jack Brisco is challenging every man who once held a major title. Brisco is risking everything in one of the most daring campaigns ever waged by a grappler!



IT IS A singularly bizarre pattern. There is no coherency to it. Like some mutant game show, the fan is supposed to discern the connection between the following names. Jack Brisco and Dory Funk Jr. Superstar Billy Graham, Ivan Koloff, Terry Funk, Stan Stasiak.

Obviously, the Funks, Graham, Stasiak and Koloff are all former world champions though from different federations. But assuming that

Brisco wants Harley Race's NWA title, as he has often stated, what possible use is there in wrestling other former champions?

"Of course I want to beat Race and become NWA champion," Brisco said. "But I don't want it until I've accomplished this mission."

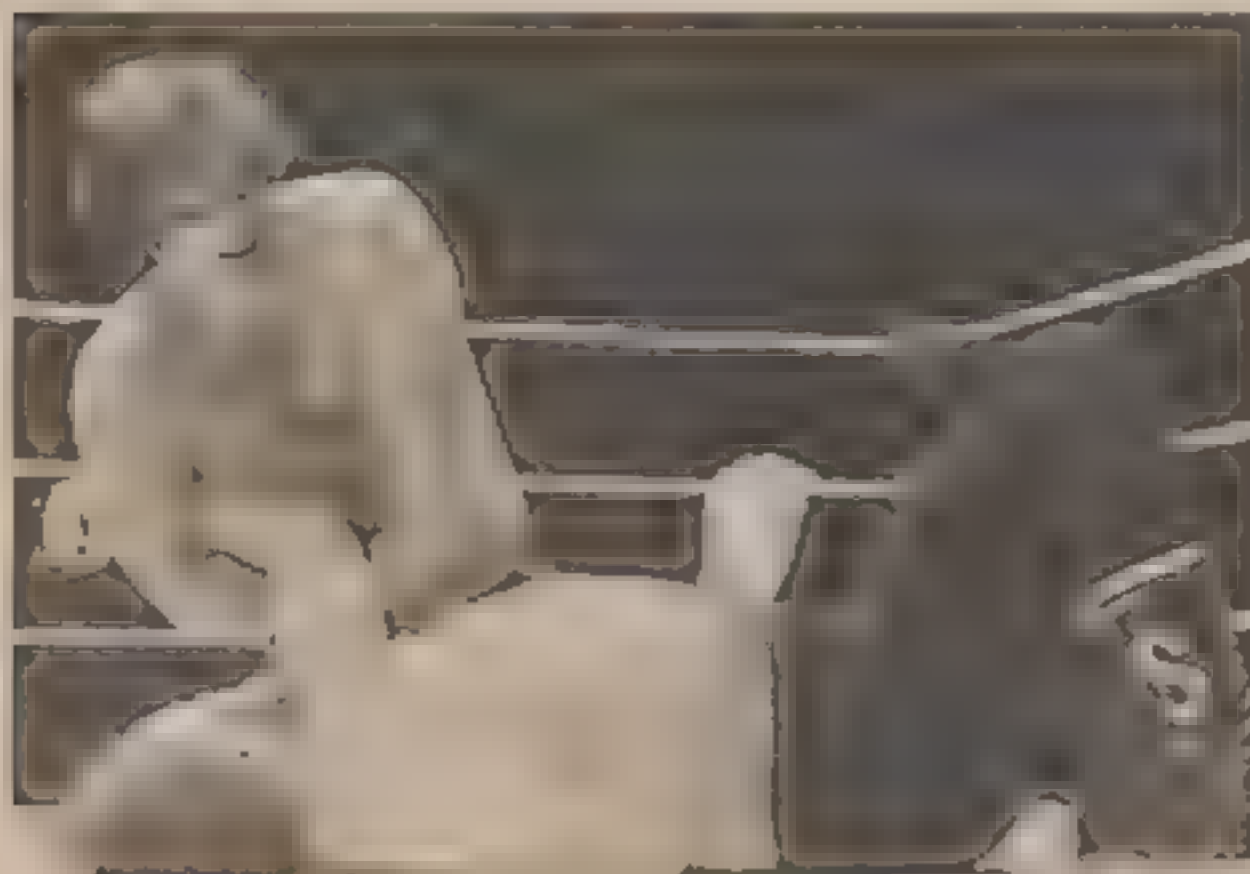
What mission?

Other guys can just up and make a challenge to a champion. I don't think that's the way I

should do it. Even so, I don't think anyone should get a title shot until they've proven themselves, but that is neither here nor there.

"I've been champion. I think I deserve to be champion again. But to myself, which is all that counts. I don't feel I should ask for a match against Harley until I have beaten all the former champions and showed myself the best of that exclusive group."

Then I'll be ready, in my mind.



Former NWA champion Jack Brisco has been wrestling many former champions like Stan Stasiak (left, former WWF champion) and Dory Funk Jr. (above former NWA champion). He uses his figure-four leglock on current NWA champion Harley Race (below).





Former WWWF champion Ivan Ko off puts the bear hug on Jack Brisco, but Jack refuses to submit. Jack would also like to wrestle former AWA champion Verne Gagne to add to his former champion "collection."

to tackle Race."

Such a twisting path is rare in wrestling. In fact, one is inclined to founder trying to remember anything like it ever happening before. A former champion, certainly one of the top NWA contenders, actually avoiding a match with the champion until he has wrestled all the other former champions. And without coaxing, totally on his own volition.

No one suggested I do this," Brisco said annoyedly. "I made this decision. Look, I don't have to do things the way people say I should. Just because everyone else does things in a certain way is no reason for me to have to do it."

I'm not saying I have to prove my talents to any fans or promoters or anyone like that. I just don't feel right about demanding a championship shot until I've disposed of all the former champions.

"You see, there's something of an informal rivalry among all the men who've held the belt. Everyone wants to be champ. Then, once you've lost it, everyone wants to be the top contender. Well, not everyone can be. So you have competing claims without any organization to them."

"I believe the wrestling world needs to decide, once and for all, who's the best of the former champions. I'm out to prove that I am."

"Then, with that out of the way, I don't have to look over my shoulder and swallow any of the horsefeathers the others'll fling at me."

Reactions to Brisco's unusual mission have been as varied as the personalities expelling them.

"I have to respect the guy," said Dory Funk Jr. "It takes a lot of guts to put your career on the line like he's doing. He's taking a



The figure-four ties up former NWA king Terry Funk (above). WWWF former champion Superstar Graham is kicked by Jack (below)



real chance that one of us will stop him in his tracks before he gets to Race "

It is the stupidest thing I have ever seen," snorted Ivan Koloff

What does he think he's proving? Nothing! That he can cheat and lie a win over a former champion? Let him wrestle Harley Race and enough of this foolishness

A couple feel that Brisco will only destroy himself

"He's gonna end up flat on a stretcher. He's gonna get his rear knocked off," said Graham "He's gonna burn himself out and turn into a pile of mush man."

"I think Jack's too obsessed with this idea and he may not be thinking rationally," insisted Terry Funk. "Even if he does beat everyone, he would have

demonstrated absolutely nothing. He'd have no title, just his own self-satisfaction, which is important, don't get me wrong

But he will wear himself out. And do you really think that Harley Race gives a damn about all this? Do you really believe that Race is going to be influenced by how many former champions Jack Brisco defeats?"

All these disapprobrious words have little effect on Brisco. He has heard them all, has digested them, and it has left behind an armored indifference to criticism

"It's something I must do, something I believe is right. Can't anyone understand that? It's just something I have to do." □

THE AD WAS placed in a few select New York papers.

"WANTED: BEAUTIFUL WOMAN to accompany irresponsible playboy on round-the-world tour. Deluxe accommodations throughout. To remain beautiful will be lady's only chore. Send photo and short personal history. Contact . . . and a different post office box was used for each ad

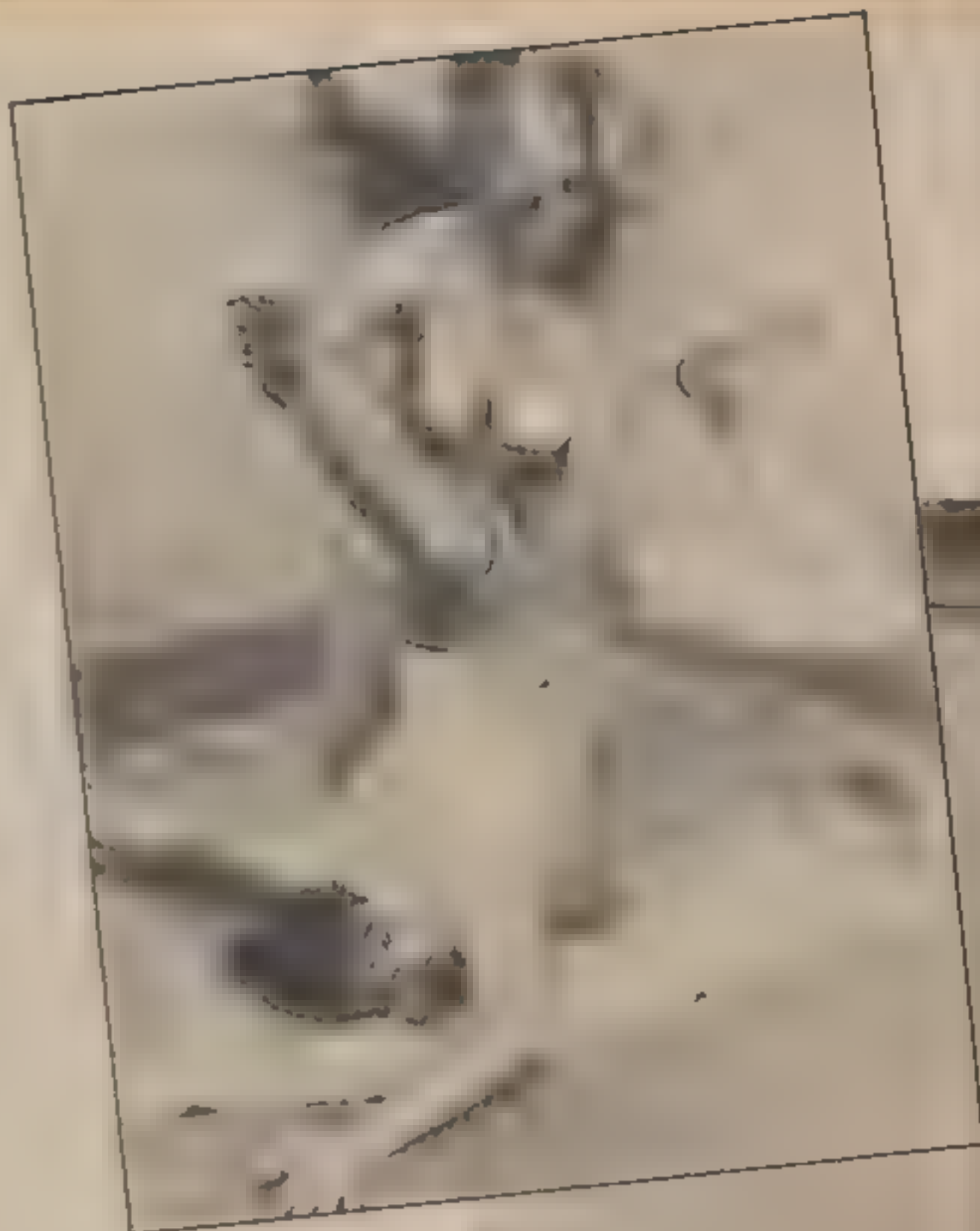
The man who made this request was Stephen Ledner. No one would argue with the description "irresponsible playboy;" Ledner avoided any labor as if it was Black Plague. His family, relieved he took no interest in the family business, kept him in money so that his appearances at family functions would be few and far between. Stephen was born to be idle rich. That he would someday try to participate in the family business was his relatives' only fear.

Stephen used the advertisement to select his companion because he was bored of other ways of finding women. He never lacked for ladies, naturally, and was bored with lovelies throwing themselves at him. The ad was a novel way of finding new people.

Within a week, Stephen had over 200 women to choose from. Of course, at least 180 were strikingly attractive. It took Stephen three weeks to wade through the photos and make his selection. At the end of this ordeal, Stephen was torn between two beauties. One was Michelle, an exquisitely

Sharon squeezes the thigh of Michelle (above). Michelle turns the tide and begins to work on Sharon's beautiful, lithe leg (right)

proportioned brunette whose face was just a little too sensual to be beautiful. The other woman was Sharon, a blonde vixen with a beauty proclaiming a life lived hard and well. Stephen couldn't



Two women, each beautiful and each running away from something, wrestled for their lives. With a savage cruelty known only to the ruthlessly desperate, they warred to the limits of human endurance. Then they went one step beyond

**APARTMENT WRESTLING
TRIAL
BY TORTURE!**



decide between the two. We should all have that trouble.

It didn't take long for Stephen to decide a means of relieving his problem. "Let them fight it out!" was his idea. It would be an exciting way to begin his vacation.

His lawyer contacted both women with the proposal. They would become apartment wrestlers for the evening. It would be a battle to the finish. If either woman refused, the other would automatically be chosen.

The field of battle would be Stephen's penthouse. The spectators would be the elite crowd usually associated with apartment wrestling matches.

Both women accepted immediately. For personal reasons, each had to get away from New York for a while. This was the perfect opportunity. They'd war for an evening if it meant escape.

Michelle was being hounded by a young man who had the bad fortune to fall in love with her

the small matter of a loan that she didn't feel like paying the young man back. It would be easier to escape than refund the money. Ledner's offer was the perfect remedy.

Sharon had to flee New York for career reasons. Up until three months ago, she'd been a top model, working whenever she wanted. She had also been one of the mainstays of New York's disco-celebrity life, where no price is too great for being amused. This had a bad effect on



Using all her power, the voluptuous Sharon kicks Michelle in her windpipe. There was too much riding on this for either to lose.

Desperate for the slightest sign of affection, he haunted her apartment building, begging entrance and calling her on the phone. Michelle might have called the police, but there was

her nerves, and the inevitable occurred. A photographer ordered her to move more quickly than she wanted, so she grabbed his camera and smashed him in the face. This tended to



where they'd spend a week. Then on to Paris, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and various other cities around the world. Of course, the winner could choose any city not already on the itinerary, as money and time were no object. As the beauties listened, their hard eyes sparkled.

By the night of the match, all was in readiness. The penthouse was filled with the wealthy and worldly. The women were in the peak of physical condition. Even more exciting, each battler was psychologically prepared to go the limit to win. Their natural cruelty made them the fiercest pair to ever engage in apartment wrestling. Each was like a beast of prey coming upon a crippled victim. There would be joy in the kill.

The moment arrived. Both beauties strode out to the moment of truth. The electric tension crackled as their eyes met. A gruesome smile sneaked across the ladies' lips. At that moment, many of the assembled pitied Ledner, for surely either of the warriors would eat him up and spit him out.

The future prospect of feminine destruction seemed to delight Stephen, for his face was aglow with anticipation. He could barely get the words out to make the match begin. Then he had barely enough time to get out of the way.

Neither woman was interested in allowing the battle to go on for a long time. They flew at each other from the very first moment. Hands and feet flew in a blur of action as they tore at each other without mercy. Nails dug into tender flesh as their bodies scarred with welts. Feet and knees found other targets, slashing and digging hard into any available opening. In the first few minutes of action, it looked more like a kick-boxing match.

(Continued on page 56,

discourage photographers from hiring her. She needed some time for the incident to be forgotten. Money was running short. She had to accept Ledner's conditions. She had to go on the journey.

Ledner was delighted with this turn of events. He planned everything for the battle. His lush penthouse was a beehive of activity as servants scurried to make preparations. The women were shown films of the best apartment wrestling matches, giving them an idea of what was to be expected. The ladies proved apt and willing pupils. Everything went according to plan.

As an incentive, the playboy showed the combatants a schedule of their tour. The night after the match, the winner would recover in the luxury suite aboard the Queen Elizabeth II. The boat would dock in London.

Michelle is in great pain as Sharon increases the pressure on the windpipe (above). A leg spread has Sharon trying to find a way to get out of trouble (below).



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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)



MASCARAS VS. BABA IN JAPAN

Boston and many fans thought the title could change hands. Instead The Lumberjacks were victorious and in a most convincing way
Is there no team that can stop them?

—Kevin McCloud

Rick Steamboat is a driven man now. He has one mission in his life. Destroy Ric Fair. He must do this. Or be destroyed trying.

—Ellen Larsen

CHARLOTTE, N.C.—It was only a year ago that top wrestling journalist Matt Brock of *INSIDE WRESTLING* magazine said, "I have seen the future of wrestling and its name is Rick Steamboat." Certainly, Rick has done nothing in the last 12 months to prove Mr. Brock wrong.

Recently, Steamboat accepted a challenge match against his arch-enemy, Ric Flair. Flair and Steamboat have been at war since the first day Rick came to the Mid-Atlantic region. In their latest encounter, nothing was decided, but much blood was spilled.

LOS ANGELES, CA.—Fans here in the smog-ridden City of the Angels are waiting for that cool clear wind to blow which will cleanse our dirty air. It's much the same in wrestling, as currently we are trapped in the grip of the worst rulebreaking by wrestlers we've seen in years.

But it will soon be stopped. In a telegram to Los Angeles promoters, they were informed of the pending arrival of the greatest wrestler in California history, Mi Mascaras. Mi is currently in Japan, but he has promised to visit our sun-blinded city and personality rid us of the

When Mil gets here, he will find a welcoming reception like none other he has ever received. In California you see, we treat our legends right.

—*Danny Torres*



DICK MURDOCH

ST. LOUIS, MO.—For the first time since he became Missouri State Champion, Dick Murdoch appears less than confident, perhaps even a little scared. He has signed to defend the belt against the powerful, unorthodox Bruiser

Murdoch has thus far been successful in his Missouri title defenses. He has wrestled with a ruthless ferocity, like a deranged beast at times. It's no secret he sees the Missouri belt as his stepping stone to the NWA title.

It's almost funny that now Bruiser eyes Murdoch in the same way: as a stepping stone to a higher honor.

Continued on page 48

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Duncum, but this has never been proven . . . According to Jack Brisco's barhythms chart, his best chance to defeat Harley Race will be on September 23 . . . Rumors flying concerning the breakup of Steve Kern and Mike Graham. Eddie Graham has expressed interest in landing a title match against NWA king Harley Race.

—Barry Simon



DORY FUNK JR.

DENVER, COL.—Former NWA heavyweight champion Dory Funk Jr. returned to the mile-high city after a long absence. Funk has lost a few pounds and appears quicker than he's been since he lost the title. There also seems to be more fire in his eyes. When I asked Dory if he thought he had a chance to regain the belt, he said: "Listen, Clif. Everyone is counting me out of the title running. Everyone but me. I feel better now than I've felt in years. All my injury problems are behind me. I don't see any way I won't win the NWA belt again!"

Confident words indeed. Can he back them up?

—Clifford Douglas □

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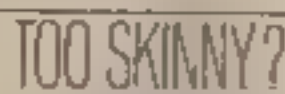
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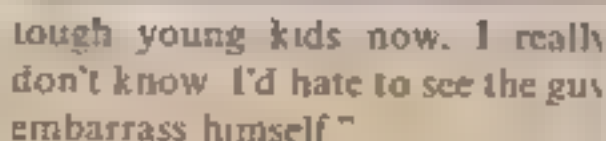
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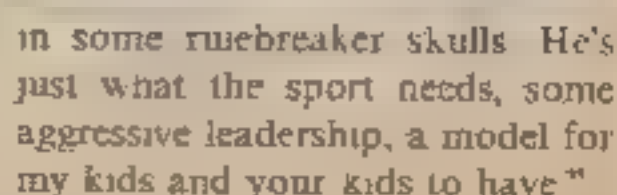
United Cerebral Palsy 

(Continued from Page 10.)



"No, no, I don't want Bruno to come back. He should stay retired and let people remember him the way he was. The thing I love about wrestling is all the fresh new faces every few years. We should be encouraging more young men to turn professional out of college and give less encouragement to older, tired wrestlers."

"I've been a Bruno fan for almost a decade now, and I've been waiting anxiously for him to come out of this ridiculous retirement and bash

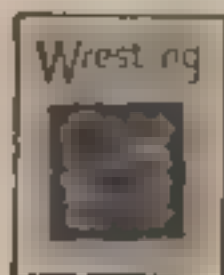


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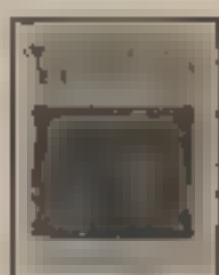
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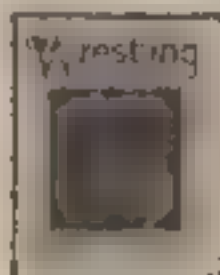
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☐ March 1965

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WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 12)

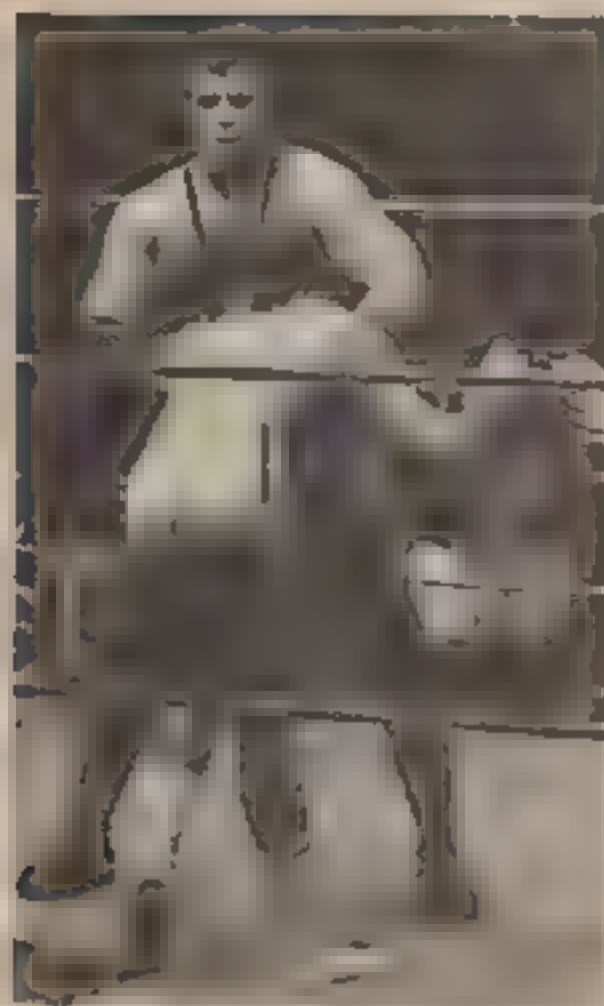
pointed downward with crushing menace, is a perfect example of what wrestling really is. Grace and strength, a powerful combination.

"Yeah, I think I shoulda got

this award sooner," Mosca said. "But I'm pleased to finally get it. Too often, rulebreakers only get written up as some jackals without a conscience and never get the praise we deserve."



During an interview Georgia champion Angelo Mosca boasts that he can beat any competition put before him. Leading contenders for his title are Mr. Wrestling II, Dick Slater, and Stan Hansen.



Mosca demonstrates his fine ability to use holds as he puts his opponent in a combination armlock and front chancery

"Look at this: I'm champion of Georgia and I just won one of wrestling's most coveted awards. That's top-notch, you can tell, fellas. I'm glad that someone out there recognizes talent. Soon enough my name will be a household word, like paper towels and margarine and then I won't need any awards. I get a trophy with my name on it?"

Yes, well, modesty apparently overwhelming Mosca, he ended his gracious words with a string of unprintable expletives leveled against the wrestling community in particular, and Earth in general.

Still, we are pleased to give Mosca this trophy. He has consistently excelled in all aspects of the sport, except dignity and fair play. Perhaps he will learn those after being named by the editors of Sports Review as "Wrestler of the Month."

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WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 45)

than a wrestling brawl.

Most men or women would have crumbled within the opening minutes. Yet, these two women seemed to feast on the fury, delighting in giving pain and ignoring their own agony. It was terrifying to watch.

Michelle gained the first advantage. Using her whole body in an awesomely powerful sweeping motion, she spun her foot hard into Sharon's belly. The blonde doubled over. Michelle spun again, this time slamming her knee into the blonde's temple. Sharon's body twisted out of control, pain flooding every sense.

Stumbling, groggy, the blonde forced herself into a defensive position: crouched, arms covering her face. Michelle kicked again, this time smashing her victim on the breast. Sharon crumpled.

With a cry of attack, Michelle leaped on her fallen victim. Sure of success, she left herself wide open. Sharon somehow commanded her leg to rise. Michelle's jaw landed square on Sharon's heel. The brunette's head snapped back and her eyes went glassy. For a moment, people feared her neck had been broken. But a few seconds later, both women were on their feet and ready to battle again.

It was a much more cautious duo who went once again to war. Their bodies were now stretched taut with athletic tension; one could see a slight trembling in the limbs. No one knew how much longer either woman could continue. Neither did the ladies. They would have to make the best of whatever strength remained.

Sharon made the first move.



Michelle chokes Sharon (above left) as the fight becomes even more vicious. Sharon tries to injure Michelle's neck (above right) but will fail. Sharon becomes vicious and chokes Michelle (below).



Diving forward, she lunged toward Michelle, driving a shoulder into the brunette's belly. Both women fell to the floor. For about a minute, their action was a chaotic whirlwind of grabbing and pushing. Slowly,

(Continued on page 58)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 56)

some sense was made of the random pummeling. Their hands grabbed for vulnerable areas and didn't let go. They clutched at each other with death grips. Michelle's fingers dug into Sharon's breast and neck while the blonde struck her talons into her foe's buttocks. Their legs wrapped around each other until no one could tell who was doing what to whom. In this abominable embrace the two



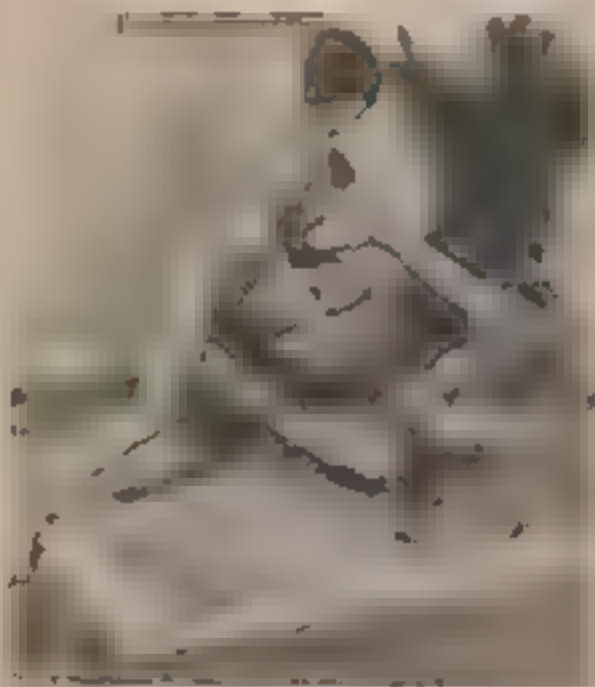
It's a standoff as both Sharon and Michelle vie for an advantage. Only one would be taken on the worldwide excursion.

beauties heaved and rolled and writhed across the carpet.

The only sound in the room were the women's grunts and moans. They almost had a melody of their own, a duet of agony. When Michelle dug her teeth into Sharon's collarbone, the cries and groans made the listener shiver for many different reasons.

It could not last forever. As if

by mutual consent, instincts communicating on some primeval level, the women separated. They scurried to opposite corners of the room to lick their wounds and prepare for the next assault. Neither woman was used to brawling. It was much harder than



Michelle moves in for the kill (above) and locks Sharon in a painful hold (below). Michelle's great skills are in vain because she is going to lose.



anticipated. The bloodlust was spent. Now, it was a combination of need and survival driving them on.

Slowly, as if captured in a ritual dance of brutality, the Amazons approached each other again. Their hands were trembling uncontrollably now, tension and

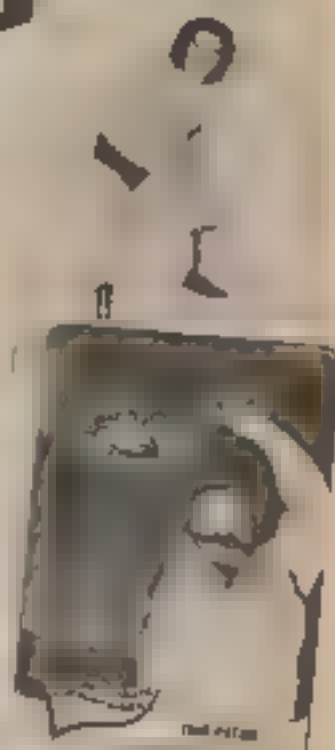
Continued on page 62.

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 59)



Sharon screams in pain as Michelle takes the blonde's head and unmercifully twists it with all her might.

pain wreaking havoc with their bodies. The sneers were gone. Hate and fear were the expressions glistening on their sweat-soaked faces. It was the

moment of truth.

Again, as if on some signal, the two women locked together. This time, they simply grabbed each other and twisted around. They stumbled across the carpet, somehow managing not to fall. Neither woman had any plan, any idea what she was doing, only the knowledge she must feel her opponent within her grasp.

The stumbling stopped. The two women stood in the center of the room, arms wrapped around each other, clutching with all the remaining strength.



Sharon begins to rally and really pour it on. Michelle is a confused beauty. It will be over for the brunette soon.

Flesh pressed against flesh as their sweat mixed together. All the spectators could see were two bodies squeezed mercilessly as hair swirled around; each woman jerking her head to command more strength. It was horrible in its fury, yet fascinating in its majesty.

Slowly but surely, Michelle began to weaken. Her legs convulsively shook, unable to support her weight. Her arms also trembled, muscles rebelling against the mind's command. It was the slow destruction of a beautiful woman, horrifyingly fascinating.

In one brief moment, Michelle

(Continued on page 64)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 63)

collapsed. Her arms fell to her side and those magnificently shaped legs splayed lifeless. Sharon was holding her up, not even knowing Michelle was finished. As if she couldn't stop, Sharon kept crushing her foe.

Finally, the blonde realized her success. She let Michelle fall to the carpet.

"Surrender," Sharon mumbled.

Michelle shook her head, mumbling obscenities and dares. Sharon kicked her hard. Michelle's body jerked spasmodically.

"Surrender."

Again, Michelle shook her head.

This time, Sharon sat down with all her weight upon Michelle's breasts. With a horrible animal scream, the brunette betrayed her agony. Still, Michelle would not surrender.

With a machine-like precision, Sharon battered her fists into Michelle's face. Again and again and again the fists found their mark. The full thud of knuckles battering jaw, eyes, nose, and



Early in the match, it was all Michelle as Sharon looked like a certain loser. But things changed quickly.

mouth echoed throughout the penthouse. The pummeling seemed to go on forever.

Tears streaked Michelle's face as her mouth filled with blood. Finally, she could take it no more.

"Stop," she whispered.

Sharon didn't hear and kept on punching.

"Stop!" she shrieked.

Sharon stopped. The blonde rolled off her victim and crawled away. Finally, she got to her feet and stumbled out of the room.

Michelle lay there, her magnificent body torn and battered, her strength gone. She was but a memory of the



Sharon is horrified as Michelle jumps on her repeatedly. Even this did not weaken Sharon.

magnificent woman who had begun the match. Finally, she managed to get up and went to her bedroom.

The next day, Sharon slept peacefully as the Queen Elizabeth sailed on gentle seas to England. Michelle spent her time warding off her ardent admirer. And searching the ads for another playboy looking for a traveling companion. ☐

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